Fal. You rogue, heres Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpō the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Falſ. A Kings ſonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? anſwere me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all Cowards ſtill ſay I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by myracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword
like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I
man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſp
if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines,
the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it:

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them,
am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh me
vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought
with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were
two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no
leg'd creature.

Poines. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of the

Falſ. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd tw
them. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckr
ſutes: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face
me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and th
bore my point; foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſ. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

Falſ. Theſe foure came all a front, and mainely thruſt at
I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in
Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſ. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrome ſuites.

Falſ. Seuen, by theſe Hiltes, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare me *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

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